

## ELEVEN

**Women are pussies.**

Tell me, what animal cuts itself in a middle school bathroom? Have you ever heard of a squirrel taking diet pills? Do you see monkeys covering their ugly faces with even uglier makeup?

You can't find such shame and self-loathing anywhere else on Earth, not even in the filthiest cockroach.

Don't get me wrong—I don't think women are born pussies. As a psychology major, I firmly believe that our personalities are shaped by our environments.

Women are made into pussies from the very beginnings of their lives, starting right when those busty, lipstick-wearing nurses wrap them in tiny pink blankets and bring them to their mothers who exclaim, "What a pretty little girl!"

How could anyone be raised on doll houses and forced violin lessons and turn out healthy? It's not women's fault they're pussies.

And yet, I hate them all the same.

I'm sure that everyone agrees with me, but I think it would be fun to belabor the point.

So now we're going to play a game!

Here are the rules: I tell you a story about someone I know, and then you guess whether the main character is a guy or a girl, based on their behavior. In order to keep their genders ambiguous, I will change their names to weird Martian names and I will refer to them using the pronoun "it."

Are you ready?

Once upon a time, Trogbox got sexually harassed by Wenis, a male coworker. Wenis made frequent innuendos to Trogbox, and he told it his explicit sexual fantasies involving female passers-by.

When Trogbox asked Wenis to stop, he simply stopped targeting Trogbox.

While Trogbox's personal problem has been solved, Wenis still continues to foster an uncomfortable sexual atmosphere in the

workplace.

But no one has told the manager.

I told Trogbox that it should report Wenis, but Trogbox said it didn't want to. When I asked Trogbox why, it said "If Wenis gets a sexual harassment charge put on his record, it's going to follow him around for the rest of his life! I mean, all he did was say some things that made people uncomfortable. I don't think there should be permanent consequences for that."

So I called Trogbox a coward and yelled at it until it started crying.

The End.

So. What do you think? Is Trogbox a guy or a girl? Any guesses? A girl, you say?

Why, yes! That's exactly right! And how did you know? Because she acted like a total pussy? Good work. You should become a psychologist, too.

Let's play again!

Ready?

Once upon a time, when I was seventeen, the principal of my high school (named Mr. Wehrli, which I don't need to change because it already sounds Martian) wanted to meet with my parents (Peenstar and Gynalus) and me to "discuss" the latest issue of my newsletter.

I told my parents not to come, because I knew that Mr. Wehrli was just going to suspend me again and there would be no point in them being there. But they insisted on tagging along.

So, the next morning, we went to Mr. Wehrli's office. Everyone shook hands and smiled their stretched smiles, and then we all sat down at a table.

Mr. Wehrli began the meeting by saying, "We've decided to suspend Max for a week, for obscenity."

After a brief silence, Gynalus sat back in its chair and sighed in disappointment.

But Peenstar sprang to its feet. "You're a fucking Nazi!" it shouted.

Mr. Wehrli turned bright red. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave." His voice was

shaking.

“You’re a fucking Nazi.” Peenstar said again.

“If you don’t leave, I’m going to call security,” Mr. Wehrli said. He scampered to the back of the office and picked up the phone.

“Security? Go ahead.”

My parents and I watched as Mr. Wehrli called the superintendent, who in turn called the cops.

After being escorted off school property by two police officers, Peenstar was trespassed from Amherst Regional High School for the rest of his life.

The End.

Okay, it’s quiz time. Was Peenstar my mother, or my father? Was this the brave, defiant display of a man, or a woman? What do you think?

Hmm?

Peenstar is my father, of course!

And who was Gynalus, sitting meekly in her seat while Mr. Wehrli trampled all over my First Amendment rights? My mother—a woman.

Want to play again?

Once upon a time, Ogg’s girlfriend Gloopy came all the way from Colorado to visit Ogg in L.A. They got in a fight one night, and they went to bed mad at each other.

The next morning, while Ogg was at work and Gloopy was waiting for Ogg, Ogg broke up

with her over a text message.

The End.

Is Ogg a guy or a girl? Ogg is a guy.

I am Ogg.

Well, that settles it. Women really are pussies. But if those stories didn’t convince you, if you need some real, in-your-face-proof, just take a look around and watch your female friends as they read this. Are they smiling? Or laughing, even? I bet they are.

You might find this surprising, but most of my fans are actually women. In fact, they’re even lining up to date me. Do you know why?

Because they have no self-respect. They hate themselves even more than I hate them!

Women laugh at my writing because they like to pretend to be in on the joke, to hide their humiliation. They want to believe that I’m talking about “other” women.

But I’m not talking about other women. I’m talking about you. And if you weren’t so pathetic, you wouldn’t be laughing. You’d be outraged.

In fact, if you weren’t a walking, talking vagina wearing a “Colorado” sweatshirt, you’d rip this into little pieces and throw them in the trash. You’d write me angry emails and throw things at me. You’d stand up for yourself, for once in your miserable little life.

But you’ll never do that. You know why?

Because you don’t have the balls.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. I don’t know if this is relevant, but when I was little I had a dream that my mom turned into an elephant-monster and tried to eat me.*

*2. Beethooven? More like GAY-thooven.*

*3. I’m lonely.*

QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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